

This Day in Our History

THIS is the anniversary of the departure of Benjamin Franklin, in 1778, to negotiate a treaty with France. His efforts were successful at a time when aid was essential for the struggling colonies.

Robert W. Chambers'

THE STREETS OF ASCALON

Illustrated Charles Dana Gibson

A Delightful Romance in Which a Beautiful

Spirited and Swiftly Moving Romance of Hearts and High Society, by the Greatest Living Master of Fiction.

By Robert W. Chambers. † Whose Novels Have Won Him In-ternational Fame.

HEN let us have peace," Strelsa said unsteadily. "I have—been—not very happy

"I know. I've been utterly miser able, too." He lifted one of her hands "I know. I've been utterly miserand kissed it, and she changed color but left her hand lying thert in his. "Do you mind?" he asked.

"No-o." He laid his lips to her fingers again; she stirred uneasily, then rested her other arm on the back of

the seat and shaded her eyes. "I think—you mad touch me—any more"—she said "I think-you had better notfaintly.

'Is it disagreeable?" "Yes-no, no . . It is-it has nothing .to do with friendship-" She looked up, flushed, curious. "Why do you always want to touch me, Mr. Quarren?"

Back to Battle. "Did you ever caress a flower?" "Rix"-she caught her, breath as

his name escaped her for the first time, and he saw her face surging in the loveliest color. "It was your onsensical answer!-I-it took me by surprise, . . and Lask your pardon for being stupid. . . . And-may I have my hand? I use It occasionally." He quietly reversed it, laid his

lips to the palm and released her fingers.

"Strelsa," he said, "I'm coming back into the battle again." "Then I'm sorry I forgave you."

"Are you?" "Yes, I am. Yes, yes, yes. Why

an't you be to me what I wish to be to you? Why can't you be what want-what I need-"

"Do you know what you need?" Yes. I--"No, you don't. You need to love

and to be loved. You don't know it, but you do!" "That is a-a perfectly brutal

thing to say---" "Does it sound so to you?"

"Yes, it does! It is brutal-comon, unworthy of you and of

He took both her hands in a grip hat almost burt her:

"Can't you have any understanding, any sympathy with human love? Can't you? Doesn't a man's love mean anything to you but words? Is there anything to be ashamed of in it?-merely because nothing has ever yet awakened you

"Nothing ever will," she said steadily. "The friendship you can have of me is more than lovecleaner, better, stronger---

"It isn't strong enough to make you renounce what you are planning

"Yet love would be strong enough to make you renounce anything!" She said calmly: "Call it by its

right name. Yes, they say its slaves become irresponsible. I know nothing about it-I could not-I will not! I loathe and detest any hint of itto me it is degrading-contemptible--'

"What are you saying?"

"I am telling you the truth," she retorted, pale and breathing faster. "I'm telling you what I knowwhat I have learned in a bitter school - during two "That!"

"Yes, that! Now you know! Now perhaps you can understand why I crave friendship and hold anything less in horror. Why can't you be kind to me? You are the one man I could ask it of-the only man I ever saw who seemed fitted to give me what I want and need, and to whom I could return what he gave me with all my heart-all my heart"___

A Plain Exposition.

She bowed her face over the hands which he still held; suddenly he drew her close into his arms; and she rested so, her head against his shoulder.

"I won't talk to you of love any more," he whispered. "You poor little girl-you poor little thing. I didn't realize-I don't want to think shout it"-"I don't either," she said. "You

will be kind to me, won't you?" "Of course-of course-you little. little girl. Nobody is going to find fault with you, nobody is going to blame you or be unkind or hurt

the early afternoon a bank of dark

clouds blew up over the sea. It took

only a few minutes for the sun to be

Some of us were unhappy because our day was spoiled. Some thought

of the tragedy this gloomy Saturday

"But see how black the sky is,"

That storm came up very quick-

objected one man. "It's bound to

ly," objected the girl.
"And brought a nasty, cold wind

"Didn't the cold wind blow the storm in from the sea? Why shouldn't it blow it right over our

heads and away—away into space?"

Everyone laughed at the girl. Her

weather wisdom seemed limited. Her prophecy didn't appear important. But she persisted. Presently

she saw a rift in the clouds, a bit of blue and at last a lightening of the cloud formation off in the direction

from which the storm was coming. Her persistent optimism began to

amuse us-to impress us-to cheer

us. And after a while we found ourselves expecting the storm to

ADVERTISEMENT.

blow over. It did!

the Saturday half holiday.

northeastern's lasting."

spoil our day."

suddenly:

with it.

Fate Takes a Hand in This Game of Hearts



Drawn by Charles Dana Gibson. Sir Charles Mallison, a suitor for Strelsa Leeds' heart.

While the rich Mrs. Sprowl has laid all her plans to induce Strelsa Leeds to marry the enormously wealthy Sir Charles Mallison, that gentleman has been thrown with the charming Chrysos Lacy, whom he finds a congenial, a beautiful and an intellectual companion. Strelsa herself is. about ready to choose Langly Sprowl, the millionaire philanderer, for her husband. Rix Ouarren, who loves her, sees no hope for his suit. Then Fate takes a hand in the



Drawn by Charles Dana Gibson.

Chrysos Lacy, who wins the admiration of Sir Charles Mallison.

you or tell you that you make mistakes. People are just going to like you, Strelsa, and you needn't love them if you don't want to. You shall feel about everything exactly as you please-about Tom, Dick and Harry and about me,

Her hot face against his shoulder was quivering.

"There," he whispered-"there, there-you little, little girl. That's all I want of you after all-only what you want to give me. I don't wish to marry you if you don't wish it; I won't-I perhaps couldn't really love you very deeply if you didn't respond. I shall not bother you any more or worry or nag or insist. What you do is right as far as I am concerned; what you offer I take; and whenever you find yourself unable to respond to anything I offer, say so fearlessly -look so, even, and I'll understand. Is all well between us now, Strelsa?

"Yes. • • You are so good. • • • I wanted this. • • • You don't mean anything, do you by-by your arm around me-

"No more than your face against my shoulder means." He smiled-"Which I suppose signifies merely that you feel very secure with me."

you or demand anything at all of + "I-begin to. . . Will you let + never been awakened-what lies + my mother lived I did not once

"Yes. . . Do you feel restloss? Do you want to lift your head?" A Haven of Rest. She moved a little but made no reply. He could see only the full smooth curve of her cheek against

"I believe you are worn out," he

his shoulder. It was rather color-

"I have not rested for weeks." "On account of that trust bust-

"Yes. . . But I was tired before that-I had done too muchlived too much-and I've felt as though I were being hunted for so long. . . . And then-I was unhappy about you."

"Because I had joined in the hunt." he said. "You were different, but-you made me feel that way, too,-a

little--"I understand now."

"Do you really?"

"Yes. It's been a case of men following, crowding after you, urgin, importuning you to consider their desires to care for them in their own way-all sorts I suppose, sad and sentimental, eager and exacting, headlong and boisterous-all at you constantly to give them what is not in you to give-what has

stunned, crippled; perhaps mangled in its sleep-"Killed," she whispered.

"Perhaps." He raised his eyes and looked absently out across the sparkling water. Sunlight slanted on his shoulder and her hair, gild-

ing the nape of her white neck where the hair grew blond and fine as a child's. And like a child, still confused by memories of past terror, partly quieted, yet still sensitive to every sound or movement, Strelsa lay close to the arm that sheltered her. thinking, wondering that she could

no longer there. "Do you-know about me?" she asked in a still, low voice.

endure it, and all the while con-

scious that the old fear of him was

"About the past?" "About my marriage."

"Yes." "Everything?"

"Some things." "You know what the papers

"Yes . . Don't speak of itunless you care to, Strelsa."

"I want to. . . Do you know this is the first time?" "Is it?"

"The first time I have ever spoken of it to anybody. . . . As long as

speak of it to her." She rested in silence for a while,

"Could I tell you?"

"My dear, my dear!-of course you "I-it's been unsaid so long-

there was nobody to tell it to. I've done my best to forget it-and for days I seem to forget it. But sometimes when I wake at night it is there—the horror of it—the terror sinking deeper into my breast. . . I was very young. You know that?" "Yes."

slender means?"

imaginative child-and could have lived quite happy with my fancies on very little. . . . I was a sensitive and affectionate child-inclined to be demonstrative. You wouldn't believe it, would you?"

"I can understand it." have changed so. . . . I was quite romantio about my mothermadly in love with her. . . . There is nothing more to say. · · In boarding school I was perfectly aware that I was being given the best grooming that we

"You know my mother had very

"I wouldn't have cared; I was an

"Can you? It's odd because I

me. We both were fools. Only finaltalked such nonsense-and I managed to slip away from him and board the train at Baltimore as soon hadn't found me and returned to have been known. But we were rec-

quick, uneven breath:

"I think so."

less voice: "I was treated like a damaged gown-for which depreciation in value somebody was to be made responsible. I suffered; days and nights seemed unreal. There

Girl Makes a Great Sacrifice for the Gifted Young Man She Loves. could afford. Even then romance + were lawyers; did you know it?"

persisted. I had the ideas of a colored picture book concerning men and love and marriage. I remember, as a little child, that I had a picture book showing Cinderella's wedding. It was a very golden sort of picture. It colored my ideas

Strelsa moved her head a little, looked up an instant and smiled; but at Quarren's answering smile she turned her cheek to his shoulder, hastily, and lay silent for awhile. Presently she continued in a low voice:

A Haven of Rest.

after I was grown up."

"It was when we were returning for the April vacation—and the platform was crowded and some of the girls' brothers were there. There were two trains in-and much confusion-I don't know how I became separated from Miss Buckley and my schoolmates-I don't know to this day how I found myself on the Baltimore train, and Gladys Leeds' brother laughing and talking and the train moving faster and baster. . . .

"There is no use saying any more. I was as ignorant as I was innocent-a perfect little fool, frightened, excited, even amused by turns. · · · He had been attentive to ly I became badly scared and he as we arrived there. . . If he New York with me, it might not ognized on the train and-it was a dreadful thing for me when I arrived home after midnight. . . . She fell silent; once or twice he looked down at her and saw that her eyes were closed. Then, with a

"I think you know the rest, don't

But she went on in a low, emotion-

"Yes," she said wearily, "it was a bad dream-my mother, othershis family-many people strange and familiar passed through it. Then we traveled; I saw nothing, feeling half dead . . . We were married in the Hawaiian Islands." "I know."

"Then-the two years began."

After a long while she said again: "That was the real nightmare. I passed through the depths as in a trance. There was nothing lower, not even hell. . . . We traveled in Europe, Africa, and India for two years. . . I scarcely remember a soul I saw or one single object. And then-that happened."

"I know, dear."

A slight shudder passed over her. "I've told you," she whispered-I've told you at last. Shall I tell you more?" "Not unless"-

"I don't know whether I want to about the gendarmes-and that terrible woman who screamed when they touched her with the hand-

cuffs-and how ill I was"---She had begun to tremble so per ceptibly that Quarren's arm tightened around her; and presently she became limp and motionless. A Very Close Bond.

"This-what I have told you-is a very close bond between us, isn't it?" she said.

"Very close, Streiss," Was I much to blame?"

"No." "How much?"

"You should have left him long before." "Why, he was my husband!" I had made a contract; I had to keep it

and make the best of it." "That was all I could see to do about it."

"Don't you believe in divorce?" "Yes; but I thought he'd be killed; I thought he was a little insane. If he'd been well mentally and merely cruel and brutal I would have left him. But one can't abandon a helpless person."

(To Be Continued Tomorrow)

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WHICH DO YOU SEE? THE BEAUTIFUL OR THE UGLY AND TAWDRY IN LIFE

+ you choose of all that goes on about By Beatrice Fairfax you. And don't forget-you choose! SOT OOK at that girll If her A few days ago a party of us went to spend the day at the beach. In skirts were any shorter they'd be worse than the bathing suits you see nowadays."
"Did you see that old woman? obscured. And soon the entire sky was dull and gray. The party began to take on an air of depression.

She had her lips made up so it looked as if somebody had swished paint brush over her mouth. "Say, what do you think that men thinks he is with a white duck coat on? A street cleaner or a dentist running around the corner to hail a

"Oh, my dear, just notice that filly looking child with her hair leached..." ew patients."

But at that point I shut my mind We had passed a florist shop full of the most glorious dark crimson dahlias. We'd come close to a pretty roung girl who turned in her path to help an old blind man across the We had waited for traffic e pass close to where two perfectly natched bay horses drew a victoria in which sat two adorable, grand-motherly, old women with a sweet little girl seated between them.

Catherine saw none of this. She mly noticed and commented on the sutre, the ugly, the tawdry. And through life seeing the raveling at the cuff's edge instead of the pretty pattern of the shirt.

What do you observe as you travel what do you observe as you travel through the days and along the path of your life? Are you refreshed by the blue sky or do you find yourself centering your attention on the dingy gray gloud along the horizon? It is easy enough to accent whatever ADVERTISEMENT.

BLOUSES

season, unless you get behind For the trimming is placed where it shows to the best advantage, directly in front. However, the does not hesitate to remove her coat as she would if she wore but

afternoon must mean to those tired workers who get no vacation beyond But one girl in the crowd asked "It's the southeast that storm's coming from, isn't it? I never heard of any summer storm except a

the white guimpe, why not try a smart blouse of natural pongee with a bit of string tied at the neck? blouses may be made collarless, if preferred, or one may choose the long roll collar if that is becoming. Blouses of gray Can-

opening, the long narrow collar descending at each side to meet the straight-across top of the vestee. With this type vest one generally wears a handsome bar pin, and perhaps for this very reason they are coming back to vogue.

Irish lace. Under these one wears a facing of flesh colored satin, and the effect is very dressy. Both of matron who is inclined to be stout. Dainty, fluffy guimpes that are their places better if made with

Household Hints

instead of water. This entirely re-moves any bitterness and the mustard will keep fresh for a week or

If, when boiling potatoes, they are ready a little too soon, place a towel over the saucepan instead of When packing pictures a piece of cork placed at the corners of the

Sprinkle salt over your winter coal stock as soon as it is delivered. This will keep the coal in better condition and it will not depreciate in quality by getting too dry.

avoid breakage.

I've got to get up to town tonight. There's no train.

"I'll come," he said briefly. They raced back through the dark lanes; they were panting and breathless when they reached the High-way House; Philip paused a moment; he was sick with fear and dread, Peter glanced at him and broke out:

"Very well-but I know she isn't -I'll get the car."

moment later Peter rejoined him. 'Well-well?" Philip asked.
Peter shook his head. They took the car round to the front door; Philip went in for a moment to find his mother; he explained hurriedly. "I'm going up to town—with va." He dared not tell her the truth; he gripped her hand hard for

"It's all right-don't ask any were racing toward New York. scious of it; they had gone some miles before Peter spoke:

Presently Peter tried again. town at all; what makes you think she has?"

more closely about him; he was chilled and miserable.

itcular street; suddenly he swerved the car around, turned sharply to the right and stopped outside a high, unpretentious looking apart-Peter glanced up at it impa-

tiently; there was only one lighted window of the many overlooking the street; he asked an irritable What on earth . . who lives

"Calligan." A moment later he was hammering at the door.
Calligan had passed a miserable

By Ruby M.

he had deliberately driven her to further pain and suffering. He had tried to get into touch with Peter and failed. He had spent the day wandering about town more wretched than he had ever been in all his life, and during the long even-ing he had sat in the untidy sitting-

It was a quarter to two when he heard a car come up the street, and instantly he was sure that in some way, this late visitor was connected But he never for a moment guessed

that it would be Philip, and he fell back with a little ejaculation of sur-

comment, but his quick eyes saw the way in which Philip looked hurriedly round as if in search of someone, and his heart began to thump. Eva! Where was she? What had happened? But he betrayed noth-

I know! Where is she?"
Calligan met his friend's eyes steadily; he saw their mad look of passion, and knew that it would only infuriate him more to pretend that he did not understand. He

where she is.' "It's an infernal lie! I don't be-"Where is she? She's been here,
• • She left tonight by the

you swore to it. His voice broke; he held shaking hands to his friend. "Tom-for God's sake, tell me where she is-

"I give you my word of honor that I don't know," he said, steadily. "She has not been here—if she

himself to say any more, then he broke out again.

Philip's white face flushed scarlet. "You! to ask for explanations," he sneered. "I tell you this pretended innocence doesn't go down with me.' Calligan did not, flinch.

WINTER

100 often winter approaches only to find the home maker totally unprepared for it. Unfortunately, therefore, there is very often much unnecessary distress, as well as expense, during the cold season. The thrifty housewife goes over her home thoroughly during the fall days and makes a note of needed repairs or alterations. So, whether you own the home in which you live or rent it, you should take stock of its condition.

in advance of actual winter as possible. It is good forethought to to test out the equipment. It is the part of wisdom to have

When taking down the hangings

might be able to make immediate use of summer attire you no longer Porch furniture should be cleaned and wrapped either in newspaper or If it needs repainting, fall is a good time to paint it. A stiff

The thoughful housewife will see to it that every member of the household is provided with rubber overshoes and rainproof coats far in advance of the real cool days. It is well to print name and address in indelible ink on the lining of the school child's rubbers. Go over the umbrellas and see that they are in usable condition. These suggestions will help make the household run more smoothly during the cold days

Do you know that

Discovery has been made of a process by which the muscular tis-sues of horses and cattle can be converted into silk.

The Russian Red army has a strength of 1,000,000 infantry, 110.

EAT GOOD BREAKFAST START DAY RIGHT WITH NUTRITIVE NEEDS

By Brice Belden, M. D.

breakfast? It is extremely desirable that the day be started with a good appetite for breakfast and a sense of feeling fit. The day is not started right unless one has an optimistic outlook. This is largely assured by taking care of the morning's nutritive

A substantial breakfast, light lunch and good dinner are required if one would live in tolerable comfort. The fact that this mode of living has become incorporated in our common customs implies its

It is safe to say that a person who has no appetite for breakfast is not

in normal condition. By starting the day with a good breakfast one supplies enough fuel

is a healthy appetite for the evening meal. It is eating between meals and

ice cream and candy between meals. not to speak of more substantial things, invites trouble. Nothing at all should be eaten between meals, if one would have

Then there is another important factor making for a good morning appetite. That is a cold bath. Those for whom this is too strenuous or too time consuming should give themselves a hard rub and a for the body to run all day, provided | vigorous toweling.

> Better than an alarm clock—the aroma of

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It brings them a-running to table! Quick to prepare—a hot pan, a little lard, fry! At once regular demand with all the family. Try buckwheat cakes, syrup and Loffler's Country Sausage tomorrow morning.

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Get Ironized Yeast for your children—or for yourself—today. It is pleasant to take, keeps indefinitely, and costs about the same per dose as ordinary yeast, but is much more effective. Each package contains 10 days' treatment and costs only a dollar, or 10 cents a day. Special directions for children in each package. Sold at all druggists. For sale by the Peoples Drug Stores and by good druggists everywhere. a, none of us can hope to be strong, well, no matter how much we eat.
scently scientists made the startling
overy that yeast was the richest nown source of vitamines. But most sople couldn't eat common baking yeast, after much experimenting a way was sund to put yeast vitamines in tablet grm. This method is embedded in Iren-

Give It to them in Pleas-best grade of yeast vitamines, but in addition, contains organic or vegetable iron and other reliable health builders.

RONIZED YEAST

SOME LATE

-By Rita Stuyvesant-

TI is hard to distinguish the blouses from the guimpes this blouses are more complete, and one

There are guimpes with sleeves and ones without, and ones that take the form of a waistcoat, and as the autmn sea on advances the popularity of the guimpe in-To wear with the sleeveless frock of tricotine, if one is a bit tired of

ton crepe are smart, and so are those cut from the darker colors. The older woman will welcome a smart waistcoat with a square neck

Elaborate waistbands for suits are developed in all-over filet or

Mix your mustard with new milk

vent them from getting rubbed and

If a cloth is placed over a basin of freshly made starch there will be no skin on the top, as is the case when it is left to cool un-

FOR LOVE

so I shall take the car. You can come if you like, but make up your mind quickly." Peter's mind was made up already.

"She may be here-let me go and

He went off around to the garage;

questions, that's a dear, and don't worry:" He kissed her and was gone; a moment later he and Peter The little car seemed to fly over the road; Philip was driving recklessly without being in the least con-

a momant

"She may not have come up to No answer. Peter drew the rug

Where are you going-to the

It was long past midnight when they reached New York.
Philip slowed down a little—he seemed to be looking for some par-

Philip got out; he shut the low door of the car with a little slam; his brother-in-law caught a glimpse of his face as he turned away, and in all his life he never forgot the look in Philip's eyes or the tone of voice as he answered hoarsely:

day. He had rung up the Winter-dicks in the morning, and learned that Eva had gone to the country, and since then he had not known a minute's peace.

He had done the right thing in urg ng her to go, he knew, and yet he nated to think of her down at the Highway House, unhappy, and in all probability, unwanted. He felt as if

room at his bachelor apartment, smoking innumerable cigarettes and seeing Eva's face in every cloud of

prise when, as he opened the door, Philip pushed roughly past him and went on uninvited into the sitting-Calligan followed. He made no

ing of his agitation; he waited quietly for Philip to explain. Then all at once Philip turned on him with a roar.
"Where is she? She's beenn here,

answered at once-"I have not seen your wife since last night; she went down to your place this morning, I believe—I give you my word of honor, Philip, that I have not seen her since last night, and that I have not the least idea.

last train. She meant to come to you—she did come to you. She's been to this place—it's no use denying it. I wouldn't believe you if

He stopped; he could not trust "What has happened? Why do you think she's here?—Heavens, man!-why can't you explain-

His voice rose again, passionately, his chest heaved with his labored can run. breathing; he turned on Calligan suddenly with raised fists. "Where is she? Tell me where she is!" (To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

PREPARE FOR -By Loretto C. Lynch-

For instance, is the heating plant in working order?

Where it is possible, the coal supply should be acquired as far

the roof of the house gone over very thoroughly for leaks. Gut-ters and leaders should likewise be and curtains of summer they should be cleaned, aired, wrapped, and labeled so as to be available at a moment's notice when the warm days return. Summer clothing should be gone over, and only what is really available for further use should be granted storage space. There are many poor folks in the warmer parts of our country who

brush and some soapy water to which has been added a little ammonia will prove effective in cleaning reed or willow furniture.

A fly walks, in proportion to its size, thirteen times as fast as a man

000 cavalry and 3,350 artillery? Each female salmon yields ap proximately 3,500 eggs each year? TAT can be done for people at lunch time in the form of a light repast. Then at dinner time there who have no appetite for

> between dinner and bedtime that plays the mischief with the human stomach in the morning. The nibbling of crackers and the eating of

good health, shown not only by a healthy morning appetite, but in many other ways that are desirable.